That time the battery failed just when the phone sex was beginning to move his dick however insensibly....

He couldn't shoot the messenger, so he threw the medium out the window.

He hadn't been so annoyed since his starry-eyed wife Marilyn got busted for stealing a pair of nylons, from Cecil Eatone.

*****

Trixie left a note for him on the radiator in his Thing Street psychome. Beginning, Dearest Johnny Boy....

> Just got a new job. Had to tell you. With The Sharke. At his spanking new Mental Hell CASINO, etc.
>
> But the best part is when I strap the electrodes to his clients' tender temples for twelve shots of juice. But it isn't till number eleven that they suddenly get better. The Sharke's lightning fin parts the darkness. It's spring! Birds sing, everything is beautiful....
>
> Everybody cries for it. Screams for The Sharke's good thing. It sounded so good, I even started the treatment myself. I can hardly wait for number eleven. I had some last night but I forget how many. At least, I think it was last night. I think I'll have a few more just for good measure.
>
> I'm feeling better. I must be. I'm getting close to eleven. Hey, why am I writing this thing anyway? Oh, yeah....
>
> I'm CEO and you aren't!
>
> It's a NEW ERA for Mental Hell!
>
> Eat your HEART out! Eat SHIT!!!
>
> P.S.: The Sharke's teeth really are pearly white. Just like in the song. His nose hairs tickle.... (Very TRANSFORMING....)

*****

The newspapers dismissed Elliott.

They also inadvertently exposed the system, by connecting Elliott's battle and ultimate defeat to processes in the country at large. Such connections were facilitated by the fact that the target of Elliott's detractions, Mortimer Clark, was the future Sir Mortimer, Lieutenant-Governor of Hogtario.

It is hard to believe that the principal targets of Elliott's attacks, always relegated to the back-pages of the issue, really are the same swine whose faces appear on the front page,